

CLEMENCEAU SEES ARGENTINA'S SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS

Former Premier of France Tells His Impressions of Our South American Neighbors and Their Institutions.

By Georges Clemenceau.

If the various elements of the Latin race fuse with such facility into an Argentine amalgam, it yet remains true that the bulk of the ore is of Spanish metal. Language, literature, history combine to give to a nation a bias that is with difficulty modified or changed.

The branch of some ancient tree transplanted to a fresh soil will send up its shoots toward other skies, but its sap, with its fresh springs, will ever betray its origin. The Argentine is not, and does not wish to be, a Spanish colony. She has succeeded in cutting herself adrift from these historic shackles—beginning with the theoretic dogma—which have so disastrously held back a proud and noble people marked out by their fiery valor for hazardous adventures. And thus, notwithstanding Italian influences, symbolized by the monument to Gambetta; notwithstanding the living force of French culture, there are indelible atavistic marks which will brand the Argentine nation down to its last and most distant offshoots.

The visit of the Infanta Isabella to the capital on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of Argentine independence was a happy inspiration on the part of the Spanish Government. The Princess, accompanied by M. Perez Caballero, the present Ambassador of Spain to Paris, was everywhere received with enthusiasm. It was clearly seen that the struggles and strife of the past, recorded in the annals of the country, had left no trace of bitterness on the public mind.

The graceful gesture of the princess, stretching a cordial hand to a son who had flung off the yoke of dependence found a hearty acknowledgment in all ranks of society, and the populace vied with each other in a determination to show that the chivalrous courtesy inherent in the race had lost none of its traditional force on the new soil of America.

Immediately after the forcible repression of an outbreak of anarchical violence, there was a rumor that the life of the President of the Republic was menaced. There may have been no truth in it. Unfortunately, it was a case where there is no certainty until after the event.

The Infanta Isabella entirely ignored the danger. With the utmost simplicity and also with the utmost courage, she showed herself everywhere in the company of the Chief of the State, and to the credit of the Argentine people, let it be added that everywhere she was met only with cheers and deference.

Here, then, we have a base, which will remain immutably Spanish, through all the changes that may occur, and from the immense influx of European immigration, a complete fusion and assimilation of the Latin elements; this would appear to be the fundamental condition of Argentine evolution as it may now be studied in the city of Buenos Ayres.

To make the picture quite complete, we must take account also of a considerable admixture of Indian blood, which is patent to all eyes. I shall return later to this subject. As I am not now writing a treatise, but am merely jotting down the impressions of a traveler, I shall not dwell upon the character of the people, except as it may reveal itself in the course of time from the facts I shall have occasion to relate.

When I already mentioned M. Guiraldes, the City Lieutenant, who is for Buenos Ayres what M. de Selves is for Paris. Like our own Prefect, he is appointed by the President of the Republic, and I may say that although there are from time to time differences between that official and the City Council, the system has given good results as applied to a place in which there are so many conflicting elements. M. and Mme. Guiraldes, like all the upper class of Argentine society, possess the highest European culture, and they do the honors of their city with a charming grace that delights the foreign visitor. At this distance of time, I think I may without offense bear truthful testimony to our relations.

When I had a little time to spare I made a practice of telephoning to M. Guiraldes, who invariably replied by calling in person. Together we arranged tours of inspection, for which it was agreed that I should make my own choice of the establishments to be visited in order that there might be no suspicion of collusion. In this way I was enabled to visit all of the municipal institutions that interested me under the best possible conditions. M. Guiraldes's delight when some official was caught in some irregularity was a sight to see.

"At least," he cried, "you will not be able to say I had warned them of your visit."

Then in order to check in him any excess of pride, I told him what had happened once to a Minister of the Interior at the prison of Saint-Lazare.

A ring at the doorbell.

"I should like to see the Governor."

"He has gone into the city."

"Then I will speak to the archivist."

"He is away on leave."

"Then the chief warder?"

"He is ill."

"Could I see the Sister Superior?"

"She has just gone out."

"Well, the prisoners, are they in?"

The porter, with a broad smile, replied: "I believe they are."

Argentine officials, like their French brethren, are both fallible and zealous, and while it would be impossible that in so many visits as I paid there should never have been ground for criticism, yet I am anxious to declare publicly how admirably planned are the schools of whatever kind, the refuges, asylums, and prisons, where the requirements of modern science both as regards therapeutics and hygiene are more perfectly fulfilled than they are with us. I should have liked to see at my side a few of those who make a practice of talking disdainfully of countries which, if not yet our equals in progress, can still give us some salutary lessons. Such as these as those I have named are here to be seen organized in a state of perfection that our own are far from attaining.

My reader will not care to be carried with me through all the public buildings that I visited with M. Guiraldes. It would need a volume to set down an account supported by reports and statistics furnished with lavish generosity by the Argentine Government. This, however, would lead me too far from my immediate subject.

It will surprise no one to learn that the schools were my first care. On this subject, again, it would be impossible for me to give minute details. I saw training schools (Ecoles Industrielles de la nation) and primary schools which would be models in any land. The buildings were approachable, the children scrupulously clean. Demonstration lessons in abundance. The soil and its products, mineral

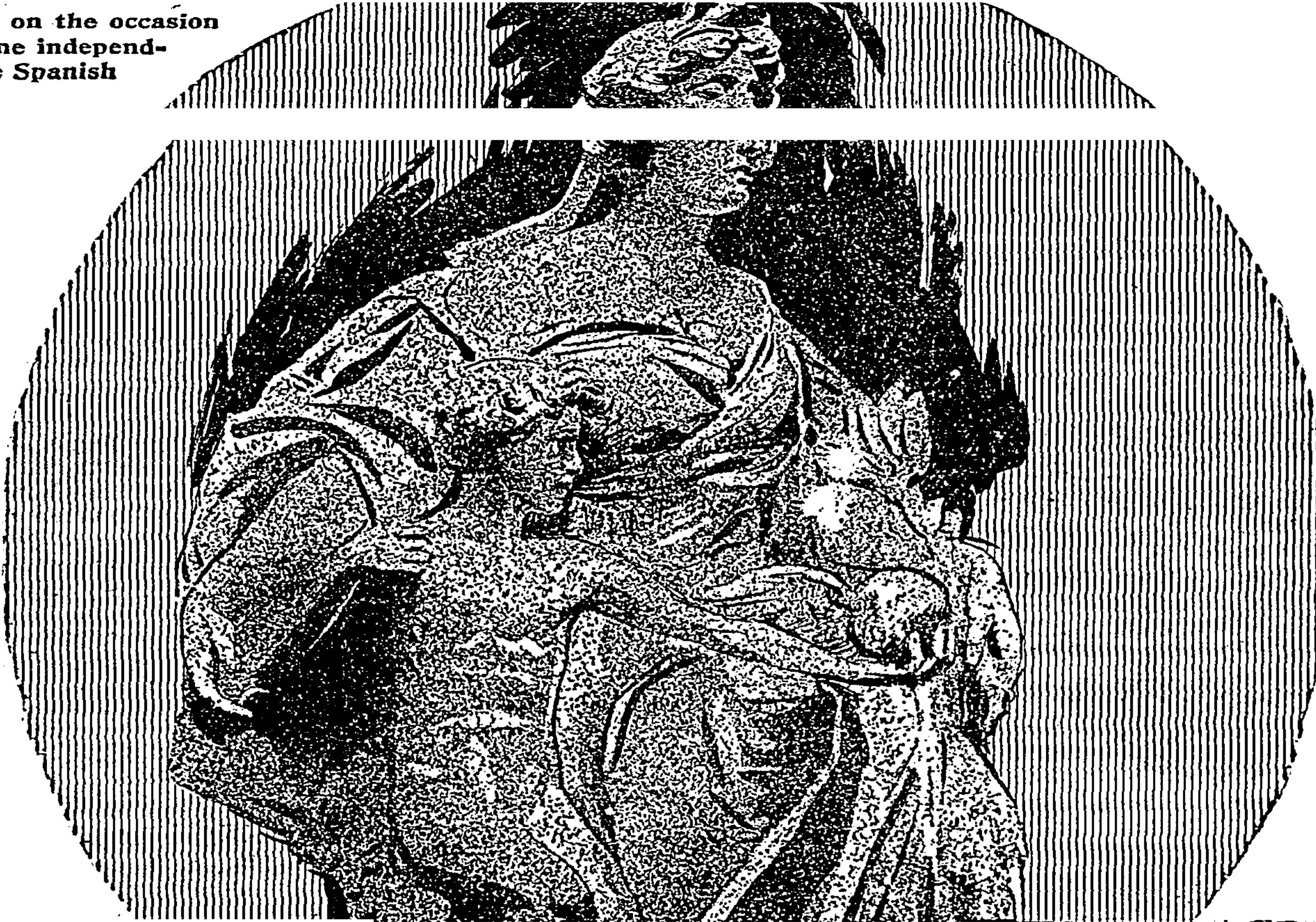


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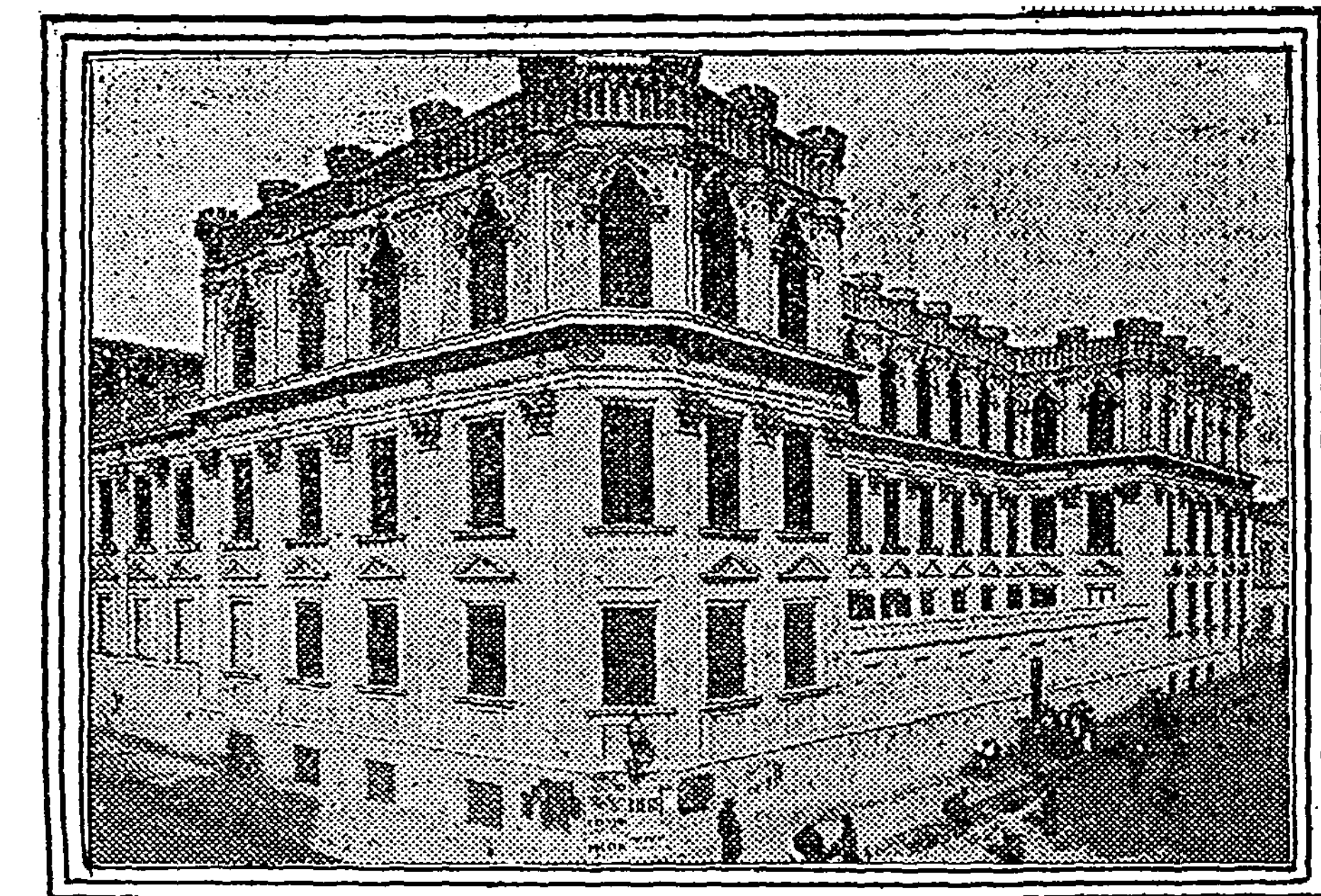
vegetable, and animal, with samples handed round the class and explained by the aid of synoptic tables. A lesson on the anatomy any physiology of the lungs (Higher primary school for girls) was illustrated by the actual respiratory organs of an ox and a sheep, and clearly aroused the interest of the pupils. Models made of colored cardboard enabled the professor to carry his subject further and give an idea of other parts of the organism.

Primary instruction under the management of the National Educational Council is free, and includes the books and paper which is necessary in the classes of children from six to twelve years of age. The population of Buenos Ayres grows, however, much more rapidly than do the schools. Hence the inconvenient expedient has been adopted of dividing the scholars into two categories—one attending school of a morning and the other of an afternoon, with the result that one-half of the children are always wandering about the streets while the others are drinking at the fountain of knowledge.

This is a system that has nothing to recommend it. It is difficult to understand why the Argentine capital postpones making



South America, by Isidoro Kontli, for the New Building of the International Bureau of the American Republics at Washington.



San Jose College, Buenos Ayres.

ing a pecuniary sacrifice which is certainly not beyond its means and which is imperatively necessary. The criticism is the more justifiable in that untold sums have been spent on certain educational establishments which are veritable palaces, such as the President Roca College. About a hundred private schools, some denominational and some not, where the masters are chiefly foreigners, take in the children for whom there is no room in the public schools. At Buenos Ayres, as everywhere else in the country, the number of pupils thus crowded out is lamentably high. There are provinces where the school accommodation is so deficient as to constitute a crying scandal for a civilized nation.

I shall never forget the heartbroken accent of a child of ten whom I questioned three times as to its occupation. We were out in the pampas of the province of Buenos Ayres. "I asked to be allowed to go to school, but papa would not let me."

The father was a Mexican. The eyes of the child thus condemned by the stupidity of its parent to remain untalented were sparkling with intelligence. What trouble we take to improve the land. How indifferent we are when it is a question of developing the greatest force in the world, that which sets in motion all the rest: Namely, our human intelligence!

It is not incomprehensible that even now, after forty years of effort, every year we find a number of wholly illiterate youths among the conscripts called up to serve with the colors. Out in the pampas, where distances are so great that the pupils of the primary schools often have to make the journey thither on horseback, as I have already mentioned, such results after ten years only of work

would be highly creditable. And in addition to the difficulty of distance, there is, as we have seen, that of the stupidity of fathers who decline to allow their children to attend the school when there does happen to be one within their reach. The municipal or State schools are entirely un denominational. This rule obtains throughout the Argentine, where it is accepted without a murmur. Different religious bodies, of which there are many, have their own schools in accordance with the principle of liberty of teaching. A fact that surpasses Europeans is that the Catholic clergy make no attempt to oppose the lay schools against which in other countries they have organized such violent campaigns. This, in my opinion, does not prove that the religious fervor of priests and monks is any less hearty in the Argentine than it is in other parts of the world. It is rather that circumstances, which require too much time to enter into here, have taught the Argentine clergy the wisdom of outwardly at least practicing the virtue of tolerance. If you ask him the question any Argentine will tell you: "Our clergy leave politics alone."

And this is probably correct. The religious world seems quite outside the quarrels of parties. The social influence of the Roman hierarchy with what remains of the old colonial aristocracy is none the less very strong, and with few exceptions the same may be said with regard to the feminine element of the upper classes. Practically speaking, the official relations existing in the Argentine between Church and State border on separation.

I shall say nothing of the secondary schools and colleges, of which I saw too little to be able to judge. They are all under the immediate control of the Minister of Public Education. There are no

resident scholars. This, according to public opinion, is the weakest spot in the educational scheme of the country. Another Jacques, one of those who were banished after the December coup d'etat, introduced into these schools our own classical college course, but it met with no success.

From that time there has been here, as at home, an endless dispute between the supporters of the classics and the champions of a modern, or even technical, curriculum. The battle has been long and fierce, and all that can be said is that the cause of education has suffered from both parties. The opening of a French Lycee, which appears likely to take place in the near future, may contribute to set in their rightful place those classical studies which no country can afford to abolish.

In some branches higher education has made great progress. Law and medicine, in particular, can boast of a teaching staff composed of eminent men. Any man who has made a name for himself in Europe may be sure of finding here an appreciative audience of masters and pupils. I had the pleasure of being present at the first of Enrico Ferri's lectures in the law school. His subject was "Social Justice." The powerful and glowing eloquence of this great speaker was never poured out on a public better prepared for his lofty teaching on legal humanities.

It is not for nothing, naturally, that so many young Argentines make their way to the universities of France, Italy, and Germany. Directly I set my foot in the capital I realized that I was here in the full tide of European science and that no effort would be spared by these people to attain perfection.

There is an excellent bacteriological institute, managed by one of our compatriots, M. Ligneres, and there are agricultural colleges which are preparing a skilled staff for the development of the pampas.

The hospitals on inspection prove to be highly satisfactory. The "New Hospital" for contagious diseases, situated several kilometers from the city, comprises a series of model buildings, strictly isolated, each of which is reserved for a special disease. At the Rivadavia Hos-

pital, reserved for women, the "Cobo" sections (pulmonary consumption and surgical operations) are especially admirable. Everywhere are the latest improvements applied to the treatment of the patients, to the sterilizing wards, the operating theatre, and also to surgical appliances. In the same way nothing has been neglected that can make the hospital a successful lecture amphitheatre, diagrams, and models.

So luxurious are the fittings of the laboratories that they would make our own medical students envious. It was here that our eminent compatriot Pozzi in May, 1910, performed a series of surgical operations, all of which led to the happiest of results, while a German confrere, whose scientific attainments are beyond question, was unfortunately enough to meet with disastrous ill-success. The Rivadavia Hospital has some fine anatomical consultations for out-patients, electro- and radio-therapy, and medicine. I must also mention the magnificent recreation rooms and beautifully kept gardens for the use of convalescents.

In the maternity wards, (at Alvear as at Rivadavia) there is the same ultra-modern comfort combined with the most perfect cleanliness. I may notice a very curious museum of obstetrics with anatomical specimens, sections of trunks, and a series of admirable preparations intended to show the different stages of gestation. A little cradle (of German invention, I believe) is worth remark; it is ingeniously hung on the bed of the mother and can be taken down with a single movement of the hand. An excellent simplification.

In the general plan of the buildings, the fittings, the furnishing of the laboratories, the sterilizing and operating rooms, German influence and inventions are everywhere recognizable. On the other hand, it is easy to see French teach-

ing in the physicians and surgeons, masters and pupils, who are all brought up on our classics of the Faculties of Paris and Lyons. When looking around the hospital libraries, I could not help contrasting the treatment accorded to us here with that given to some few modest foreigners in our own hospital schools.

Nevertheless, I must add that the doctrine of protection is carried to extremes by the Argentine doctors in their anxiety to defend themselves against European competition. I was told that there are no less than thirty-two examinations that must be passed by a student from the Paris Faculty before he can be permitted to prescribe an aperient medicine to a gauchito of the pampas. We may be permitted to think this want of confidence a trifle exaggerated.

A fine asylum for aged men kept by French Sisters of Charity and managed by women of Argentine society deserves mention. The Argentines claim for their women the credit of much zeal expended on charitable works. Recently an attack was made in the Chamber of their merit in this respect. It is not for me to pronounce an opinion one way or the other.

One original kind of institution is a Widows' Refuge, a sort of inclosure containing small apartments of one or two rooms on the ground floor. Opposite the entrance in the courtyard a shed in which is the cooking stove for the open-air kitchen, rendered possible at all seasons by this

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Those who have no trade receive a technical education, and often acquire great skill. The difficulty is invariably to persuade the newcomer to begin to work. If he refuses, he is left alone. "He is left to feel dull." Then he is invited to take a walk, and once on the spot where work is going on, a tool is offered that he may do as the others are doing.

"I have met with only one refusal," said Dr. Cabred. "One patient refused calmly to prove to me that life was not worth the labor necessary to preserve it. I must confess that he nearly convinced me, and I often try to find the flaw in his reasoning, though never as yet with success. It is a little hard when the apostle of lunatic labor is brought to ask himself if the lunatic who refuses to work is not acting on a better reasoned conviction than his more submissive compatriot. At any rate he is the only man in the colony who does nothing. He spends his time reading the paper or dreaming without saying a word. When I go to see him, he looks at me, declaring that it is I who am the fool, and indeed, to support his laziness is not perhaps the action of a sane man."

Not a strait-waistcoat, not a single appliance for constraint, in the whole colony. Excitement or attacks of violence all yield to the bath, which is sometimes prolonged to twenty-four or thirty hours, if necessary.

Separate chalets for the manager and his staff, for the water reservoir, the machinery, laundry, dairy, kitchens, workshops, theatre, chapel. Outside, agricultural labor in every form, from plowing to cattle rearing. Only the Superintendent who direct the work are sane, or supposed to be so. In spite of this surveillance, it is not without alarm that one watches madmen handling red-hot iron or tools as dangerous for others as themselves. As may be supposed, they are not put to this kind of work until they have been subjected to long trials.

Our visit to "The Open Door" lasted a whole day, and still we had not seen everything. From first to last we were followed by a mad photographer, who took his pictures at his own convenience and reprimanded us severely for rising from luncheon without first posing for him. Four days later a series of photographs representing the various incidents of our stay at "The Open Door" was sent to me, bound in an album, by a madman, of course—sent by a madman to a person mad enough to believe himself endowed with reason.

Need I add that we had been received to the strains of the "Marsellaise" and the national Argentine Hymn, performed by a mad band, which all through luncheon played the music of its repertoire? Ever since I have wondered why a certificate of madness is not demanded from every candidate for admission to the Opera orchestra.

As for journalism, do you suppose that no room was found for it in "The Open Door"? The excellent Dr. Cabred is not a man to make much omission. We were duly presented with a copy of the Boas de las Mercedes, a monthly paper written and published by the madmen of "The Open Door," with the intention, perhaps, of making us believe that other journals are the work of individuals in full possession of their common sense.

Prose and poetry. Articles in Spanish, Italian, and French. Occasionally a slight carelessness in grammar and in sequence of thought, but, on the whole, wandering no more than any other.

Finally, to wind up the day's proceedings, we were treated to a horse race ridden by lunatics. Sane beasts mounted by mad horsemen, equally determined to gallop wildly in a useless effort to reach a perfectly vain end. Is not this the common spectacle offered by humanity?

Meantime an honest, mystic madman, decorated with some hundred or so of medallions, pursued us with religious works from which he insisted on reading aloud. I wondered whether this form of exercise formed part of Dr. Cabred's program, since he claims to make his lunatics perform all the acts of a sane community. A similar spectacle occurred to me at noon when I was invited to take a seat at a well-spread table.

"Is your cooking done by madmen?" I inquired not without anxiety.

"We have made an exception in your favor," I was told.

And now another question rose to my lips.

"Since you have clearly proved that the mad are capable of performing any kind of task, will you tell me why you give yourself the lie by placing at the head of 'The Open Door' a man who appears to me in possession of all his faculties?"

"Yes, that is a weakness on my part," replied the doctor laughing. "But after all, what proof have you that I am not literally fulfilling all my own conditions? Did I not tell you that one of my patients 'who may quite possibly be the most enlightened of us all pronounced me to be a raving lunatic when I invited him to work. If he is right, then all is as it should be at 'The Open Door.'"

I did not wish to vex the kindly doctor, who is the architect of so admirable a monument, but there was still a doubt in my mind: Was it possible to give the illusion of freedom to these madmen by merely suppressing the walls? They offer no resistance when called on to co-operate in all kinds of open air labor, and find, if not a cure, at least relief in their manual tasks.

But did they really believe in their treatment? Did they really believe that they were sane? I did not ask the question, for the answer was given by an old French gardener, one of the inmates of "The Open Door," who, suddenly excited by our appearance on the scene, began to rave as we passed. "For twenty-five years," he shrieked, "you have kept me prisoner here!"

His name was Jose, a man whose life was spent out of doors at the work with which he had been familiar all his life, and although no sign of restraint was visible, he was conscious of imprisonment. It is true that modern determinism has reduced what we call our "liberty" to the rigorous fatality of an organism which leaves to us merely the illusion of free will, while imposing on that impulse of some superior energy which we are forced to obey.

(1) O Madness, O Wisdom, sisters in vacillation! Is it really true that ye wander round the world hand in hand?

To whatever philosophic solution our own madness or reason may lead us, let us hasten to conclude the subject by stating that "The Open Door" is an illusion, an establishment which, thanks to Dr. Cabred, enables the Argentine to show the way to older peoples. I will only add that it is the rarest thing for a patient to escape.

(2) If the idea of liberty is in itself a force, as Fouillee maintains, this force would scarcely be weakened if the learned should now and then prove that it is only an illusion. This illusion is too strong to be dispelled by argument. The most obstinate determinist will continue to say "I will" and even "I must," and even to think with the most powerful part of his mind, that, namely, which is unconscious and does not reason. It is as impossible not to act like a free man when one is mad, as it is to be sane when one is mad. When studying scientific subjects. "La Morale," by Henri Foulle, Paris, 1910.

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CLEMENCEAU SEES ARGENTINA'S SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS

(Continued from Page 5.)

(if I may use so unsuitable a word,) since the natural conditions of the surrounding pampas would render life therein impossible; and the lunatics on the road to recovery who are given leave of absence for a few days invariably return punctually to the colony.

Who can tell if some lunatic restored to reason might not secretly refuse to believe himself cured and elect to pass the rest of his days happily at work under the glorious sky among these peaceful creatures, where troubles and worries, with the eternal competition and conflict which are the scourge of our daily life, are unfelt and unknown? Such a case might lead Dr. Cabred to put up a similar establishment for the sane.

From the lunatic asylum to the prison is not such a jump as some of us may think. The asylum lifts out of the relative orderliness that we have managed to establish in the conditions of civilized life all who by lack of mental balance might be elements of disturbance. And might not this elemental definition be equally applied to the one or the other class of unfortunates?

I must beg my reader not to be alarmed at the tremendous importance of the problem. If, indeed, no philosopher has yet been able to discover a firm base on which to plant the right that we claim to punish each other for breaking our own laws, still it is obvious to the simplest understanding that, notwithstanding its many imperfections, civilized society does show superiority over a state of barbarism, in which brute force alone triumphs, and any person who attempts to break the general rules that are the foundation of human communities must inevitably tend to destroy whatever social advance may have been achieved. If, then, the community removes from its midst such persons as refuse to conform to its rules, who shall blame its action? (2)

(2) "If some day morality should make common cause with determinism, could it adapt itself thereto without perishing? So great a metaphysical revolution would probably have less influence on our customs than one might think. Of course, here penal repression is not attacked; what we call crime or punishment would be called disease or prophylaxis, but society would preserve intact its right, which is not to punish, but simply to defend itself." (Henri Poincaré. *Loc. cit.*)

An Interesting Problem in Prison Management and Its Solution in Buenos Ayres.

The real problem is rather as to the treatment to be meted out to these insubordinate members of society. In the primitive "justice" of the talion the case was simple. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Thou hast slain; I slay thee. Thou hast inflicted injury; I injure thee, and I count on fear of the future vengeance I shall take on thee to prevent the harm thou mayest be tempted to do.

This kind of "justice" has the double advantage of being speedy and of being easily understood by the most rudimentary of minds as long as the evil has not been wrought. When instincts planted in us unasked have brought delinquents low, the morbid condition of the moral sense, itself the cause of the deeds of violence that have justly offended the public, makes it impossible for them to comprehend anything but the violence of which, in their turn, they are now the victims, and hence the only effect of punishment is to inspire in them a desire for vengeance, which blinds their reason and makes them incapable of returning to a new life within the pale of established order.

It was not till 1793—the epoch when a universal desire for human fraternity first manifested itself by setting up a permanent scaffold—that we found in Pinel a man whose natural common sense led him to break the chains of lunatics. Is it too soon to ask for reform of the establishments in which we keep our criminals? They cannot be turned loose on society any more than the lunatics of "The Open Door" must be allowed to roam about the world.

But, without incurring a charge of insanity, surely we may claim some improvement in our system. There will always be some dangerous criminals. That is certain. There are incurables also among the insane, but we do not argue from them that it is useless to wrestle to the last with an evil that is above human power.

The reader may suppose that I have not strayed into these questions of social philosophy without an object. The chain of reasoning which I have here attempted

to set down, at the risk of tiring those who read for amusement only, is that adopted by every criminalist worthy the name. Unfortunately, the best-intentioned of governments—the more strongly imbued with the prejudices of the masses in proportion as it is the more democratic—accepts but slowly a new conception of facts, and as the remodeling of our prisons would cost a great deal of money, we have not yet got beyond including the words reform and improvement in our programmes.

Is an example needed? Since every criminal with a time sentence must one day return to his place in society, is it not to the interest of the whole community that he should come back with the best possible chance of leading an honest life, free from the danger of slipping back again into the violence that led to his imprisonment? And is not the first essential for such a condition the possession of a trade in which he has sufficient skill to be sure of some measure of success in exercising it?

If, then, technical instruction can be given in the prison simultaneously with some general moral and intellectual culture, and if the man whom society has rejected for a time, but not forever, can, on leaving prison, be placed by the prison authorities in a condition to earn his living honestly at once, instead of finding himself thrown on society with no resource but to begin again the course that led to his punishment, surely there is every reason to believe that the money and good-will spent on the criminal will not have been in vain. I think we shall all admit this argument.

But the difficulty is that it is infinitely cheaper to profit by the labor of a prisoner than to lay out money in order to place in his hands a tool with which to make him independent of us in future, with always a chance (I do not wish to disguise this) of failure.

In the United States great progress has been achieved in this direction, and if I felt obliged to make so long an introduction before describing to my readers the

central prison of the Argentine Republic, (for men,) the reason is that Buenos Ayres appears to me to have surpassed all that has hitherto been attempted in this order of ideas. I feared that a picture of what I saw, given without comment, might offend the spirit of routine in which some communities, notwithstanding their revolutionary names and terms, would appear to have sunk.

I shall say nothing of the material side of the place, which very much resembles that in our own prisons. The prisoners are locked into their cells at night, but by day they are told off into the different workshops which are intended to perfect them in their own trades or give them a new one. The wage question is placed on much the same basis as with us, except that the food, being more abundant, the men are able to put aside the greater part of what they earn. (The diet consists principally of "perchero," boiled beef, the staple article of food among the masses.)

Conversation is allowed, but only in a low voice and as long as work is not hindered thereby. Rations are distributed in the cells by the prisoners themselves, who take their meals with the door open, and frequently add a cigarette to the menu. There are books in every cell, with what is necessary for the lessons.

Fourteen classes, fourteen masters. All the inmates attend the adult classes, which include such subjects, in addition to their own special technical work, as history, hygiene, morality, and in each an examination is held at the end of the year. Both Governor and masters testify to the general application of the pupils. The land measurement class grows with special rapidity in view of the constant demand for such work in the pampas. A vast lecture hall, which makes a theatre when required, is decorated with drawings, casts, and charts by the hands of the pupils. Lectures are given both by masters and prisoners, when the latter are sufficiently advanced or when their former studies have qualified them for the task. Once M. Ferrero, who has, I

believe, published an account of his visit to the central prison of Buenos Ayres, was present when a prisoner gave a lecture on prehistoric America.

"And the old offenders?" I asked as I went out.

"There are some," replied the Governor, "but not many. Our system of re-education is powerfully backed up by the permanent offer of work from all parts of the pampas. Moreover, the greater number of our crimes are what is called crimes of passion. The Italian and Spaniard are equally ready with the knife. Among the prisoners you have seen there are a number who have killed their man in a moment of frenzy, but when they leave they will be well received in spite of their momentary vivacity. I am telling you how it is with us and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

"Our point of view is this: Every time a man commits an offense or a crime it becomes the duty of the community to begin immediately the work of re-education. Doubtless in no society shall we ever see everything done that should be done for the individual. But when any member of the corporate body slips, he must be made anew. This is what we are trying to do, and I confess we have the joy of succeeding remarkably well in our attempt.

"I have seen most of the prisons of Europe. Did you notice among our inmates that expression of the tracked beast which you find on all your prisoners? No. Our inmates have one idea only—to begin life again, and to prepare, this time, for success. This is the secret of that confiding, tranquil air of good children at their task which you must have observed on so many faces, and this, perhaps, takes the place of repentance, which is not given to all."

"And you are not afraid that the comfort of the place will not attract some who cannot take care of themselves?"

"So far, we have not found it to work in that way. Such fears—which I hardly think you yourself feel—spring from a misapprehension of the superior attraction of liberty for every human creature."

When I left I had learned an interesting lesson from the Argentines, whom so many Europeans are generously eager to teach.